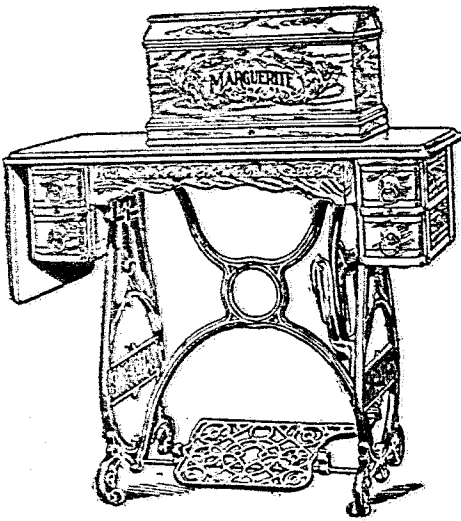


A. C. Perinck

THE "MARQUERITE"



Is one of the best sewing machines made. Simple in its construction and easily managed. Oak case. Two drawers on each side and long center drawer with compartments. Nickel Plated Parts and Highly Finished Woodwork. Warranted for ten years.

Regular price \$30.
For this Sale, \$19.50.

THOMAS + SMILEY
NORWAY, MAINE.

In Our

Carpet Rooms

YOU CAN FIND ALL THE CARPET SUPPLIES.

Rubber Mats, 1 38
Wire Mats, 1 00
Brush Mat Mats, 50c to 1 25
Oilcloth Mats, 50c to 4 25
Smyrna Rugs, 50c to 4 25
Brussels Remnants, 1 yd., 50
Velvet Remnants, 1 yd., 50
All Wool Remnants, 1 yd., 50
Fringes to match, 30c
Hassocks, 43c
Rug-Beater Carpet Sweeper, \$2 50
Art Squares, 50c to 7 50
Oil Cloth Carpet, 50c to 7 50
Padded Carpet Lining, 50c
Corrugated Carpet Lining, 50c
Brass Binding for Oilcloth and matting.

N. DAYTON
BOLSTER & CO.
SO: PARIS, MAINE.

Goold's
Academy, Bethel, Me.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR OPENS
TUESDAY, AUG. 30, 1898

BOARD OF INSTRUCTORS.
FRANK E. HANSCOM, Principal,
Latin, Geometry, Psychology, Civics.
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Greek, Modern Languages, Algebra.
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Literature, Rhetoric, History.
MAUD MAYO,
Education and Physical Culture.
ALICE L. HILLINGS,
Instrumental Music.

STUDENTS FITTED
FOR COLLEGE,
FOR TEACHING, OR
FOR BUSINESS LIFE.

GOOD BOARD
in private families at \$2.75 to \$3.00 per week, or proportionately less, if students go home Friday night. Rooms for self-boarding at reasonable rates. For further particulars, or to engage board or rooms, address the principal.

FRANK E. HANSCOM, PRINCIPAL.

Begins August 15.
The State College
of Business and
Commerce
PORTLAND, AUGUSTA AND HOULTON, ME.
Actual business by mail and railroad. Office practice for beginners. Bookkeepers, clerks and stenographers furnished to business men. Free catalogue. F. L. SHAW, Principal.

BETHEL VIEWS in
hand decorated china,
also
GERMAN SOUVENIR CHINA,
at L. C. HALL'S, Cole Block.

Bromo-Seltzer
Milk of Magnesia
at HALL'S DRUG STORE.

FLY 30 YARDS!
Send 25c. in stamps or money to receive a copy of the book "The Fly" by J. A. Roberts, affirmative; A. B. Walker, Lufkin, negative.

LOCAL NEWS
—The Latest, too.
Lots of it—in every issue of the News. Send a copy to your friends—3 months, 50c; 6 months, 60c; 1 year, \$1.25.

The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, SEPT 7, 1898.

Vol. IV. No. 15.

Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING.
ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED
UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Can Not Be Hid."

The corn shop is running full blast.

The children keenly realize that vacation is over.

Albert C. Eames is studying law with Judge Foster.

The exodus of summer visitors is fairly under way.

Miss Lottie Fox has returned from a visit at Cumberland.

The Ladies' Club will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. J. M. Philbrook.

Don't fail to read "Argo Manufacturing Co.'s advertisement on page 2."

Walter Horr of Portland, has been visiting friends in town during the past week.

Mrs. Everett Hammons returned to her home in Anoka, Minn., Wednesday, Aug. 30th.

Rev. J. A. Corey will preach at the M. E. church next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Four visitors would only realize it, September is the best month in the year to visit Bethel.

Will Philbrook and daughter spent Sunday with Mr. Philbrook's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Philbrook.

Mrs. L. E. Leach, who has been at Middle Dam, Andover, for a couple of months, returned home Monday.

Mr. H. Meyer, from New York city, visited at Mrs. A. L. Bell's a few days, returning home last Monday.

The members of the Epworth League will hold a literary meeting at the M. E. church, next Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Frank Leach returned Saturday from a two weeks trip to the Lakes. He was up as far as the Rangelos and reports a very enjoyable time.

A large mirror belonging to Mrs. J. A. Twaddle fell to the floor Thursday night and was broken into numberless pieces. The cord is supposed to have been eaten off by moths.

Robert C. Foster and Austin Fiske of Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard, have recently purchased the seven ton sloop yacht, Mildred Verne, of Newburyport, Mass. They are both away at present on a week's cruise.

Mrs. Enoch Foster, Mrs. Walcott and Miss Walcott of Boston, Miss Grace M. Isaac and Miss Leila Miller of Quincy, Mass., and Mrs. Ada Bell of Bethel were guests of Robert C. Foster at the Hastings and Foster cottage, Songo Pond, last Monday.

A lecture entitled "America in Prophecy," will be delivered by Rev. J. W. Lewis next Thursday evening at the M. E. church. This lecture was given by Mr. Lewis several months ago and after many requests he has consented to repeat it.

Judge Foster went to Littleton, N. H., Monday where he is counsel in the United States circuit court in an important case against the Burgess Sulphite Fibre Co. of Berlin, N. H. The case is to be tried the 26th of Sept., and will occupy several days.

The talk on Japan and its educational and religious institutions to be given next Sunday evening at Garland Chapel, by Mr. J. L. Cozad of Cleveland, Ohio, will be illustrated by maps and pictures, and will be of special interest to the young people, as well as instructive to all.

Oxford Pomona Grange.

The following is the program of the Oxford Pomona Grange to be held at Canton, Tuesday, Sept. 13: A. M.

Opening in the Fifth Degree. Routine Business.

Woman's talk hour. Question, Resolved: That the work of today is easier for the farmers' wives and daughters than that of forty years ago. Opened by Mrs. H. R. Robinson.

Dinner. P. M.

Music. Choir.

Address of Welcome, Mrs. H. E. Gibbs.

Response, Worthy Master Hammond.

Music. Brother Pike.

Recitation, Dixfield Grange.

Song, Brother Casey.

Paper, Mrs. Y. R. DeCoster.

Recitation, Ramford, Sumner and Paris Granges.

Song, G. W. Q. Perham.

Question, Resolved: That next stock is more profitable for the Maine farmer to raise and mature than sheep.

Henry Irish and J. A. Roberts, affirmative; A. B. Walker, Lufkin, negative.

Mountain Climbing.

Thou, who would'st see the lovely and the wild
Mingled, in harmony, on nature's face,
Ascend our Rocky Mountains. Let thy foot
Fall not with weariness on their tops.
The beauty and majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget.
The steep and toilsome way.—W. C. Bryant.

Raised among the mountains I early learned to love them and to climb them. In my western home I have always hungered for their presence and when I desired to go east this summer, I at once intended as far as possible to climb the old familiar ones again. I commenced with Mount Will. This is an abrupt peak of a range separating the waters of Sunday and Bear rivers. Though not a high mountain, it stands out so prominently that the view from its summit is a fine one in proportion to its altitude. My old friend, Mr. Wm. R. Eames, accompanied me. He spent a year once in Minnesota. He taught a winter school in 1850-7 near Fairbault and at one time shot a deer near our Sugar Loaf. I felt I had accomplished quite a feat considering my age and avocations when I got safely down. So sandwiching in visits between my alpine efforts I next attempted, in company with a cousin Miss Ellen Locke, the ascent of Locke Mountain. This has the reputation of being the highest mountain point in Bethel. Its altitude is some less than two thousand feet if I remember rightly. Its summit is but partially bare. A growth of spruce now covers it mainly. Black Mountain came next. On the Androscoggin side it is now called Old Grey. From a stream flowing down its south ruggedness, water is taken to supply the village four miles away. Its height, I think, nearly three thousand feet. It has a large bare summit yielding usually large amounts of blueberries. My cousins, Mrs. Susan Douglas, and Ellen Locke with my friend Eames, made the ascent with me. It was a trying trip for a warm day, but the grandeur of crag and of sweeping vision well repaid our tiresome efforts.

A kinsman, John Brown one of nature's noblemen, near the northeastern base of this old mountain gave me a very pleasant experience. He has a pasture a mile away by this mountain as I have specified. A tinkle of the cow bell kept sounding nearer and nearer as we proceeded towards its location. There we found some old cellars where long ago people had lived. He showed me one where, he said my mother had, for a brief time, her home when a bride. Close by a neglected wall he showed me a bed of most beautiful roses, which were in full bloom. His oldest authority told him my mother planted them. I had known my parents had for a brief time resided in some such place, but I had never seen it. Here these most beautiful and large roses have bloomed for nearly eighty years, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." The roses had lived like the results of a good deed.

The next mountain that lured me was Goose Eye, a grand peak considerably back through the woods close to the New Hampshire line. Its height is four thousand feet. Two other mountains only in the state of Maine are higher, Katahdin on the Penobscot and Katahdin or Speckled Mountain, in sight of my old home, and one I climbed in 1851. In 1850 or forty-eight years ago exactly July 4th, Mr. Eames and I climbed Goose Eye. A friend Ceylon Russell was then with us. Now on this anniversary we climbed it again. A young man, Walter Emery, was our companion. It was a hard day's work indeed. The ascent when reached is very steep, and tree-tops and rough rocks were constantly before us, but we slept, or at least tried to, on its crest that night. In a wrinkle of the summit we had a tent and a fire, but the cold gave little chance for slumber. Such grandeur as we had before us I cannot describe. It can only be remembered and lived over again as it is recalled. The clouds that were about us as they rolled off over the deep, dark valley that morning, made a most impressive sight.

July 14th found me being driven from the Alpine House in Gorham, N. H., toward Mt. Washington. A ride of sixteen miles was necessary to reach its summit, half of which would be up the sides of the mountain itself. Mt. Washington is higher than any other mountain east of the Rocky Mountains except a peak in North Carolina which is a few feet higher. On the west side of Mt. Washington a cog-wheel railway carries up passengers, but a finely made carriage

road on the east side was more convenient for me and a method of going up I would in any case prefer. Its grade is about eight in one hundred foot, and in no place exceeds sixteen. The road was begun in 1855 but was not finished until August, 1861. The railway was begun in 1866 but not finished to the summit until 1869. To my regret, the day of my ascent was cloudy, although the summit kept clear.

As I ascended the mountain, going a zig-zag way up its side, the air perceptibly grew colder so that an overcoat became very comfortable. The trees grew less and less in size until they ceased altogether, and only alpine plants grew between the rocks. As we approached the summit the buildings there almost resembled a little village. Some of them are chained to the mountain, others of a larger size built heavily and strong are not. Every structure seemed firmly bolted together. An observatory is there forty feet high, from which over and above the buildings the whole horizon can be scanned. Soon after I reached the top a stratum of clouds covered nearly the whole landscape, only the tops of the higher mountains reaching above it. The sight was very fine. Soon however the clouds mainly broke away so that the Green Mountains in Vermont, and the Adirondacks in New York could be plainly seen. The view toward the ocean was not so clear. The mountains and lakes of Maine and New Hampshire, I saw also quite satisfactorily. Ah! how the world lay below me. It was a sight for a lifetime.

The first rude structure made in 1853 is still there also the little signal service building in which a man, a few winters ago, died. His fellow observer telegraphed for aid and it was three days before any could reach him. The bed-stead and mattress are still shown where the death occurred. The Little Bourne monument still shows where that lady, at an earlier date, perished a little way below the summit without being able to reach it.

The cars came up while I was there, bringing thirteen. As slowly as a man could walk, the train, if so I could call it, crept up. But it came very direct and sure. All register who reach the top, 6,300 feet above the sea.

I have been now upon Mt. Washington, but I hunger all the more to see something of the mountain giants west of us, but perhaps that may never be. I shall write something about the ocean next week.

J. B. LOCKE.

A KLONDIKE AT HOME.

Plenty of Gold in Northern New Hampshire.

It would not be surprising if another season saw thousands of gold seekers coming up the valley. That there is gold here in paying quantities is now a well known fact. Last summer, "Whit" Terrell and Norman Perry went prospecting upon the head waters of Indian Stream. They found traces of gold, and were satisfied that there was more there for those who would seek it. This spring they took in sixteen hundred pounds of supplies and resolved to devote the season to the work. They were three weeks taking the food, etc., in. No one has been able to find their camping ground. Mr. Perry came out this week to purchase a miner's pan and to send specimens to the Philadelphia mint. We saw one nugget that weighed nearly one-fourth of an ounce. Mr. Perry was very careful in his conversation as regards the location. He went to Colebrook to consult T. F. Johnson, Esq., as regards a miner's rights. A number thought they would return to the woods with him, but he got away without their knowledge. While the miners have cleared up enough for a good summer's work, they will remain in camp till the ground freezes up.—Frontier Gazette.

Coming Events.

Sept. 7-9 State convention, Epworth League, Northport.
Sept. 5-9 Maine State Agricultural Fair, Lewiston.
Sept. 13-15 Riverside Park Association, Bethel.
Sept. 20-22 Oxford County Fair, Norway.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WEST & THURAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; W. A. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Granted Wishes.

Two little girls let loose from school Queried what each would be;
One said "I'd be a queen and rule,"
And one, "The world I'd see."
The years went on. Again they meet
And queried what had been;
"A poor man's wife am I, and yet,"
Said one, "I am a queen."
"My realm a happy household is,
My king a husband true;
I rule by loving services;
How has it been with you?"
One answered, "Still the great world lies
Beyond me as it laid;
O'er love's and duty's boundaries
My feet have never strayed."
"Faint murmurs of the wide world come
Unheeded to my ear;
My widowed mother's sick bed room
Smileth for my sphere."
They clasped each other's hand, with tears
Of solemn joy they cried;
"God gave the wish of our young years
And we are satisfied."

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

In the cold of a winter night, beneath the yellow glare of a city lamp, a tall man stood with a little weary child.
A cruel wind blew the rain about them. It dashed it into the man's face, so that it trickled down his chin and fell on the brown head trying to cuddle against his coat.
A feeble cry broke every now and then from the little fellow—a cry of protestation and alarm. "Daddy—daddy—cruel daddy. Take me home!"
A shudder shook the man from head to foot. A sol rose in his throat—he could not speak. His arms went more closely round the little body of the child leaning against him, and he began to move on slowly and to mix with the crowd.
"Daddy, daddy, take me home!"
"Ah, Christ!"
It was not an oath, but the pitiful, appealing cry of a broken spirit. The man in him was crushed and tortured; his heart was bleeding itself to death.
Love for his wife and child had given this man a soul. Evil passions had burnt themselves out before the fire of that pure devotion; a mighty tenderness had sprung up with the light in his baby's eyes.
Wonderful future schemes for the happiness of mother and child had filled his leisure moments and made the music of his life. He had worked bravely and cheerfully, he had been tender and true and patient, and his love had taught him to pray.
He had been at peace—and happy.
And now his heart was broken. The cruel wind blew the rain round them and dashed it coldly into their faces; but other drops that were not rain fell on the curly head of the child.
When a brave man weeps there are tears of blood that well up from his heart and blind his eyes; and no power on earth can heal the wound below.
The fretful wail of a little voice, the frightened clutch of chubby fingers only made the agony more intense. There is no peace to be found in anything when despair first rushes with all its force into a human soul.
"I want my mother!"
"Baby—haven't I told you—you've no mother!"
The noise and the glare are left behind at last. There is a long, silent street and a narrow bridge, and a dark water creeping beneath. Here there is quiet to think in at last.
By the edge of the wall is a seat cut in the stone. The man sits down in one corner of it, and after looking carefully to make sure that the boy sleeps, turns round so that he can watch the deep water below.
"It will be mortal cold," he tells himself, "and awful just at first. But then it will soon be over, and better and easier than years of pain. God would punish him of course, but only him. He would understand how sorely he had been tempted, and He would not make the punishment too hard. He would let him be with the boy at last. Hadn't they only got each other?"
The child moved uneasily, and the man bent over him caressingly, anxious even at such a moment that nothing might be the matter. He peered at the closed lids and pushed some hair back very tenderly from the high, moist forehead.
"God bless him!" he thinks, when "He sent him this sleep. He didn't mean him to know. It will be like going to bed for him, but with a beautiful morning at the end."

In a minute it should be done.

It was terribly cold. Like stabbing ice, and being drawn down into a great crack. But after the

rush and horror of it, the stillness came, and then darkness, and space, and solitude.

It was lonely in this Valley of Shadow. But when it was passed there was a new light everywhere. The spirit of this man watched and waited. He had lost his child in the valley, but he did not doubt he made one of the radiant beings gliding quickly past him with their Heavenly guides.

At the end of a long time he reached the shining gates, and through the bars he heard sweet music and caught glimpses of an eternal paradise.

Such rejoicing he had dreamed of sometimes when on earth, but it brought him no peace nor comfort now. He stood motionless, waiting and fearing he knew not what, when his eyes lighted on a child angel standing near the gate, and in that pure and lovely countenance he recognized his son.

But the girl that leaped into his face faded as suddenly as it came. There was a great and terrible reproach in the eyes that met his own—the sadness there could have made him weep.

"Where is my mother?"
"I know not—how could I know?"
I left her long ago upon the earth."

"She had passed the Valley of the Shadow since. Where is she now?"
"Alas I cannot tell. We parted long ago."

"But to thee was given her soul to bring to the throne of God. What hast thou to say?"
"I have nothing to say."

"The love of the world dwelleth beyond these gates. Hast thou love to plead thy cause?"
"I left the earth because the earth was full of sorrow. My trouble was greater than I could bear."

"You fled from pain: but God did not call thee here. God had appointed thee a precious task. To those alone who pass through the furnace of living pain can the crown of peace be given. Would I might help thee, but none can help thee now. As thou hast forsaken thy trust, so has thy God forsaken thee."

Then he knew his worst forebodings were fulfilled. He stretched out his hands and would have cried for mercy, but Heaven grew dark and far away, and with it the sad face of the speaker vanished forever from his sight. Then a cold, bitter blast rushed down upon him and he was cast shuddering upon his face.

"Daddy, daddy, wake!"
With a start the sleeper opened his eyes and looked up. On the seat where he had been lying, his little boy had climbed and was now tugging with all his small might at his father's coat and peering down horror-stricken into his face.

"Oh, daddy, daddy! I've finished all my prayers—but you would not wake—I couldn't make you wake!"
"Never mind, my little darling—never mind it now. We're going home—we're going home—we're going to go back home—after all. Oh, Sammy, Sammy!"

Still later, but on the same night, a man footsore and weary, sat by a window watching.

In the same room on a chair, and rolled round with a blanket, was a little boy sleeping heavily. Close to the fire was an empty porridge bowl, and over the back of a chair some clothes had been spread to dry.

The night crept on and the gray dawn came, but the watcher had not moved, and the blind was not drawn down.

But what he was waiting for came at last.

A shadow crossed the window, a low but certain cry of pain disturbed the silence of the street outside.

Then the man rose, and, moving slowly to the door, opened it very wide. At his feet on the step a woman crouched and moaned. When he spoke she lifted up a hard despairing face.

"Nell!"
"I'm going—I'm going at once. I never meant to come, but something—the child—"

"Has he left you?"
"Yes. I'm glad of it, though."

"What are you going to do?"
"To live, you mean? Oh, there are ways—it don't matter—I'm past fretting for you, you know."

Then, "Rob! you've been good to me always—you'll be good to the child, now that—now—"

"It's cold out here—you're shivering, too, lass—there's a fire inside."

But the woman stayed on her knees, clinging weakly to the hands put out to raise her up.

"Rob—Rob! You don't mean it—you're dreaming, Rob! Why

I've broke your heart—I know I've broken it. I can't never come back here. I wish I was dead!"

But the man was strong and he had raised her in his arms.

"Nell—I'll be hard—mighty hard, for both of us—but we'll try, God helping us! An' Nell—there is a little chap inside waiting to be put to bed. He's rolled in a blanket—we couldn't find his shirt."

On the floor of the cottage a man and woman knelt together, gazing yearningly into each other's sorrowful eyes—and round each neck was a loving little arm, and a sleepy baby voice was the only sound they heard.—Chicago Tribune.

Condensed History of the War.

Hostilities began April 21st, 1898. Propositions of peace first offered August 2nd and accepted August 12th.

The Spanish casualties are about 11,000 men killed and wounded. The Spanish government has published no official report.

The United States have lost about 256 men killed and about 1,324 wounded, besides the Maine and its crew of 266 men.

Spain has lost Montejó's fleet, Cervera's fleet, Cuba, Porto Rico, one of the Ladrone Islands and probably the Philippines.

When war was declared Uncle Sam had 37,532 men, now has 278,500. Our navy consisted of 91 ships; it now consists of 164 ships of the latest designs of armor and guns.

Varnish Makes Devo's Varnish and Floor Paint cost a little more; it also makes it look brighter and wear fully twice as long to pay for it. Hastings Bros. sell it.

Come in and Read the News.

We desire to say to those who are visiting our fair town that a file of Portland and Lewiston, daily papers is kept at the News office, and all who wish are cordially invited to come and read them.

Don't fail to read Argo Manufacturing Co.'s advertisement on page 2.

NEW DRESS GOODS

FOR FALL AND WINTER HAVE JUST ARRIVED.

NEW AND LATEST DESIGNS

and all prices from 10cts. to \$2. a yd.

I have added three or four new lines of corsets to our stock including the popular W. B. and Kabo Corsets, which never fail to please any lady that has given them a trial.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

New Suits for fall and winter are now ready for you. Good quality, perfect fitting and reasonable prices.

FALL HATS AND CAPS latest styles just in.

Every day at our SPECIAL BARGAIN counter you will find something you need at wholesale and less than wholesale prices.

We make it a point this season of the year to close out summer goods and make prices so low that people will buy.

Come in and look over our stock before purchasing and it will be to our mutual advantage.

Yours respectfully,

L. B. Andrews,

(Successor to C. W. Bowler & Co.)

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

J. R. Libby & Co.

Short-lengths-from-the-Factories. A Remarkable Sale.

COTTON SHORT LENGTHS.

Short lengths, extra heavy Unbleached.

Bleached Short lengths, 40

Bleached Pillow Tubing, 42 inch, 50

45 inch Bleached Pillow tubing, 100

Bleached Sheetting, 2 yards wide, 100

Bleached, 2 1/2 yards wide, 12 1/2

Bleached Sheetting 1 1/2 yds. wide, 90

Chocolate Prints, Short lengths, 30

Dark Fancy Prints, Short lengths, 0 1/2

Kind, 3 1/2

Outing Flannel, Short lengths, 50

Domest Flannel—imitation Shaker, 3 1/2

Domest Flannel—1/2 yard wide, 12 1/2

Kind, 0 1/2

Feather Tick, short lengths, 0 1/2

(The 15c kind), 50

One check dark Shirting, 0 1/2

Bleached Cotton Flannel Shorts, 0 1/2

Drilling, bleached and unbleached, 50

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

TRAINS FROM ISLAND POND TO PORTLAND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A.M.	P.M.
Island Pond,	2:05	6:00
Gorham,	2:30	6:30
Bethel,	4:12	8:30
Locke's Mills,	4:21	8:42
Bethel,	4:26	8:51
Locke's Mills,	4:33	9:01
Bryant Pond,	4:40	9:10
South Paris,	4:48	9:18
Portland,	6:40	11:30

TRAINS FROM PORTLAND TO ISLAND POND RUN AS FOLLOWS:

	A.M.	P.M.
Portland,	8:10	1:30
South Paris,	9:33	3:40
Bryant Pond,	10:23	4:30
Locke's Mills,	10:33	4:41
Bethel,	10:43	4:51
West Bethel,	10:45	4:53
Gorham,	11:23	5:30
Island Pond,	1:18	8:05

Sunday paper train leaves Portland going west at 8:30 a. m., South Paris 10:19, Bryant Pond 10:51, Locke's Mills 10:53, Bethel 11:10, West Bethel 11:20, Gorham 11:24, Portland 12:00, arriving in Portland 12:25.

The train which leaves Island Pond at 2:05 a. m., and the one which leaves Portland at 8:30 p. m., run every day, all others every day except Sunday.

Sunday Excursions.
It has been arranged that beginning July 3rd, Sunday excursions will be run as last year to Portland, the islands, Harpswell, and Old Orchard Beach. Also Sunday excursions will be run beginning that date to Berlin. The points to which these excursions will be run and the rates will be the same as last year from Bethel. The following special Sunday train service will be in effect for Berlin, leaving Bethel 11:10 a. m., returning leave Berlin for Bethel at 2:30 p. m. For Portland and the islands leave Bethel at 7:11 a. m., returning leave Portland at 6:00 p. m.

Fare from Bethel to Portland, \$1.00
" " " Old Orchard, .45
" " " Gorham, .40
" " " Berlin, .40

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Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
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Cole Block, BETHEL, MAINE.

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The only Practical Optician in Oxford Co.
NORWAY, MAINE.

Look out for quick Doctors, Professors, etc. who try to pass as Graduate Opticians—fill you with wind, but never attended an Optical School—simply buy diplomas by mail. Our Optical Department is the best in Oxford County. Remember we are the only practical Graduate Optician in Oxford County. The only optician in this county who ever personally attended an Optical School and has diplomas for same.

HILLS don't claim to be the only one who can fit your eyes, but we claim to be the only optician of practical ability in this county. If any one tells you that he was not the first in Oxford County to make a specialty of fitting glasses, the first to measure the amount of eyes which may enter the eye and special lenses ground for the defects, he tells you a falsehood.

Don't understand us saying we are the only one who can fit your eyes, but we claim to be the only optician of practical ability in this county. If any one tells you that he was not the first in Oxford County to make a specialty of fitting glasses, the first to measure the amount of eyes which may enter the eye and special lenses ground for the defects, he tells you a falsehood.

How do you know but a pair fitted by HILLS would be less strain on the eyes? Try it, for why take chances? Don't fool with your eyes. HILLS' prices are much the lowest. Solid gold spectacle frame, \$1.50; others ask \$2.50 for the same. We also have a cheaper solid gold frame, \$1.00; others ask \$1.50 for the same. We offer cheap filled at 50c, and 75c. Lenses, 25c and upwards.

No charge for examination.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Don't delay if your sight is troubling you, but visit us at once.

—VIVIAN W. HILLS.—

GRADUATE OPTICIAN,
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plated Ware.
Repairing Promptly attended to.
"Gold watch" and "more."
Opera House Bldg., NORWAY, ME.

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Want Ads

In the News
Give those who advertise
Prompt returns.
Try it.

WANTS, LOST, ETC.

Notices under this head inserted one week for 25 cents. Three weeks for 50 cents.

Wanted.

Help wanted.—Apply to F. E. Barton.

Stolen.

One Waverley Bicycle, 1895 model. Any information concerning the wheel will be suitably rewarded.

W. C. Bryant, Bethel, Maine.

FOR SALE.

A small farm with good strawberry bed at Northwest Bethel. Price low. Apply to Frank L. Proctor, Bethel.

FOR SALE.—A Benjamin N. Allen

housepower and separator in good condition. For further information apply to Eli Stearns Bethel or Porter Farwell East Bethel.

SHORTHAND.—thoroughly taught by

mail. Success guaranteed. Write for terms and free lesson to H. P. Sweetser, stenographer, Jackson, New Hampshire.

Lewiston Business College.

Complete Business and Shorthand course. Business Practice from the start. Students enter at any time. Send for free catalogue.

N. E. Rankin, Principal.

FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS

to close out

SUMMER STOCK

some

GOOD BARGAINS

will be offered in

Print Wrappers,

Hosiery,

Underwear, etc.

G. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

AT "PLUMMER'S."

HATS.

Kings Wear Crowns,

but private citizens of taste prefer Straw Hats this season. The style of this season's hats is somewhat different than last season—they are cooler, and prettier than ever. If you come to me

YOU CAN WEAR A HAT

that is correct style, and costs only my usual kind of prices.

UNDERWEAR.

Is The Best Good Enough?

Surely this Underwear we have is good enough for anybody. It is the best we ever saw, and, at the price (my usual kind of prices) is very much better value than anything similar to be had in the county. It's the biggest bargain in our stock to-day.

SHIRTS.

Have secured unusual advantages for our patrons, and marked the goods at our usual small profit. It will pay you to think up your needs in this line and prepare yourself for future needs, at the present prices.

J. F. PLUMMER, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Are You Pale?

Are your cheeks hollow and your lips white?

Is your appetite poor and your digestion weak?

Is your flesh soft and have you lost in weight?

These are symptoms of anemia or poor blood. They are just as frequent in the summer as in the winter. And you can be cured at one time just as well as another.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with hypophosphites will certainly help you. Almost everyone can take it, and it will not disturb the weakest stomach.

It changes the light color of poor blood to a healthy and rich red. It nourishes the brain, gives power to the nerves. It brings back your old weight and strength.

At Druggists, Grocers, and all stores.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York.

What's Your Blood? Dr. Miles' Pink Pills. Headache bad? Get Dr. Miles' Pink Pills.

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COUNTY NEWS.

OTHER COUNTY NEWS ON PAGE FOUR.

GILEAD.

Mr. William W. Peabody and family arrived in town on Monday, Aug. 29th, and is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Peabody.

Rev. Eugene Greene, Christian Scientist, from Providence, R. I., who, with his family, has visited friends in town for a few days, returned to his home Sept. 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Cole, wife and children from Portland, have spent a few days with his brother, O. J. Cole of our village. On Saturday, the 3rd, they left town for home, though visiting their friends on the way to the city.

On Sabbath morning, Aug. 28th, Mr. Scammon of West Bethel, exchanged pulpits with Mr. Barrell, our pastor. His discourse presented with much earnestness, was listened to with much interest by our people.

On the 27th ult., Mrs. P. N. Watson of Brunswick, and Mrs. L. M. Watson from the Ravine House, Randolph, N. H., visited at M. V. B. Watson's of this place. He also received a visit three days later, from Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Watson of Gorham, N. H.

Our school in the village district began the 5th under the instruction of Miss Dorothy Harrison from Foxcroft, and a graduate of the academy located there. The school also began its term that day in the district opposite the village school with Miss Edna C. Merrill of Gray, as teacher. Miss Merrill is a graduate of Pennell's Institute, which is located at the place of her residence.

No-To-Bac for Every Cigar. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All drug stores.

GROVER HILL.

Very sultry weather.

A. B. Grover and R. R. Mabrey, each shot a hen hawk recently.

A. J. Peaslee will fill his silo as soon as he markets his sweet corn.

J. M. Philbrook was in this section after lambs last Saturday.

Miss A. Grover was the guest of A. B. Grover and family, last week.

Mrs. Maggie Stubbs and children from Malden, Mass., are visiting in town.

Jennie Mabrey is entertaining company from Waldoboro, Me., this week.

We learn that Mrs. P. Wheeler recently accompanied a niece to Bridgton.

Gwendolyn Stearns has returned from a pleasant visit with friends in Norway.

Omar P. Browne and Ralph Davis, from Freeport, were guests at N. A. Stearns' last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Bean and son Milton, have returned to their home at So. Acton, Mass.

Burt Browne from Freeport, arrived on his wheel Tuesday afternoon, at the home of his uncle, Nathan Stearns.

John Leighton of Gilead, was at this place last Friday after apples. He said he should come again in a few weeks.

Karl J. Stearns entertained a party of schoolmates at his home Saturday afternoon. A pleasant time was enjoyed by all.

Mr. W. M. Browne and Lewis Sawin went to Berlin on the excursion, Sunday. Mrs. Sawin and Holden remained here with Miss Winifred.

RUMFORD.

Minnie Virgin is on the sick list, this week.

Grace Merrill has returned to her home in Portland.

Ed. Martin is attending Gould's Academy at Bethel.

The farmers are all picking and hauling sweet corn.

Mrs. Carrie Hallett of Bridgton, is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Blanche Small and son are at Asa Martin's for a few weeks.

The G. A. L. picnic Sept. 3rd is reported as a very nice time.

Miss Alva Clapp who has been visiting at E. F. Elliott

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